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1911



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CALENDAR



F H TOWNSEND 1910

January				February				March				April				May				June					
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Punch's Almanack for 1911.



"COME ON, 'ENRY, IT'S FINE. OFF WIV YER CLO'S."

"YUS, AN' GET 'EM STOLE!"



"OH! WHAT DO I DO NOW?"

"LAND IT, OF COURSE, SILLY!"

"BUT—HAVEN'T I GOT TO PLAY IT OR SOMETHING?"

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



Novice (who had hoped to inscribe "Veni, vidi, vici" in the diary of his three days' deer-stalking). "WELL, MY RECORD CAN BE DESCRIBED AS 'MIST, MIST, MISSED!'"



Despairing Keeper. "Ca' THEM OFF! CA' THEM OFF! DIN YE NO MIND NEXT WEEK 'S THE TWALFTH?"
Territorial Colonel (very much "out of bounds"). "EH, MON, BUT YE CANNOT STOP A BATTLE!"

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



Edna. "MAMMA, WHEN YOU TOLD NURSIE TO CHANGE MY SHOES, DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE DID?"
Mamma. "No, DARLING." Edna. "WELL SHE DIDN'T."



Doting Mother. "AND WHOM DO YOU LOVE BEST, DADDY OR MUMMY?" Johnny. "DADDY."
Doting Mother. "OH, BUT, JOHNNY, MUMMY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SO KIND TO YOU."
Johnny. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT WE MEN MUST STICK TOGETHER!"

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



"GENTLE DISPOSITION! WHY, HE WANTS TO BITE THE HEAD OFF EVERY DOG HE MEETS. I'VE BEEN SWINDLED."
"YOU DIDN'T OUGHT TO KEEP DOGS AT ALL, MISTER. THE ANIMALS YOU OUGHT TO KEEP WIV YOUR TEMPERAMENT IS SILKWORMS!"



Sweet Simplicity. "AND I'LL HAVE A BOTTLE OF THAT DENTIFRICE—*(to friend)*—I MUST TRY SOME OF THAT. ALL THE ADVERTISEMENTS SPEAK SO WELL OF IT."

THE STRANGER AND THE CAPERCAILZIE.



"I WOKE AT ONCE AND LAID HIM OUT."

He came among us — none knew whence,
And very few could tell you why —
Reeking of dollars and immense
At buying all there was to buy;
Restored the Castle's ancient state,
Flung right and left a regal bounty,
And was regarded as a great
"Social accession" to the County.

Experts who studied points of style
Assessed his parentage at *nil*;
The man, no doubt, had made his pile
From porkers in Chicago (Ill.);
Though 'neath the best electric lights
Much shining armour flanked the
gallery
To prove his sires were noble knights
Such as occur in Master Malory.



"THE THING THEY CALL A CAPERCAILZIE."

Spoil of the chase, of various brands,
Dumb witness to his deadly aim,
Showed he had coursed through many
lands
Extracting all the biggest game;
On every wall great antlers shone,
Lettered below in rich enamel;
At every step you tripped upon
The hide of some exotic mammal.

And there were legends, tall and
steep:—
"Yon rhino, with the horned snout,
He charged me in my beauty sleep;
I woke at once and laid him out!
That puma's skin—a distant speck,
I saw him fastened like a vice on
A galloping bison's gory neck;
My other barrel dropped the bison!"

Then I: "How relatively trite
Appears my own poor class of
bag—
A hare, or coney (sitting tight)
And now and then a paltry stag;
Nothing outside the common beat:
Nothing but what is slaughtered
daily,
Except—did you, Sir, ever meet
The thing they call a capercailzie?"

A moment's pause the Stranger made,
His brow with furrows overcast,
As one who seeks by memory's aid
To recompose the storied past;
Then, "Sir, I reckon I'd forgot;
But, now I give it my attention,
I well remember how I shot
A sample of the thing you mention.

No head among my trophies here
Recalls the feat. His fall through air
Produced an impact so severe
It spoilt his figure past repair.
I left him. Though I knew the worth
Of these superb elusive creatures,
I knew no stuffing-man on earth
Could reconstruct his speaking fea-
tures.

Twas in the Rockies. There he stood
Upon the yawning cañon's brink
(Two bears, emerging from a wood,
Left me no leisure time to think);
Full in his heart he took the blow—
No shot has ever made me prouder—
Then fell a thousand feet below,
And had his horns all smashed to
powder!"

O. S.



Punch's Almanack for 1911.



THE
LONDON-ERS'
ALPHABET

Every child that means to be smart
Should get this Alphabet off by heart.



A is an Actress who rolls at a rink;
Annoyed to be recognised—I don't think.



B is a Butterfly—O what grace!
I love to see them about the place.



C looks best in a hat that's shady.
C is a back-row Chorus-lady.



D is a Débutante, quite alive
To the number of beans that total five.



E is an Earl, whose pride of race
Is plainly shown on his noble face.



F is a Fairy who ought to appear;
So she will, when she's finished her beer.



G is one of those German waiters—
Playing the spy as he hands the taters.



H is a Hobbler, H is her Hat,
And she's visiting friends in a top-floor flat.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



I is an Impostor selling a ring;
Also an Idiot buying the thing.



Here we have J in all his glory,
J—best type of our drowsiness dory.



K is a Knight who has cornered cheese,
Or painted pictures—whichever you please.



L is a Labour Member—see
How he sits on the Terrace and takes his tea.



M is a Mannequin—want of space
Is the reason I couldn't include her face.



N is a Novelist—ghastly side—
And the stripes on his trousers much too wide



O has his stripes made even wider,
But O is simply a rank Outsider.



P is a Peeress who'll unbend
To anyone with a pound to spend.



Q is a Quack, and I much regret
That he mocks at medical etiquette.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



R is a Roué, and rather plucky;
He's just addressed a barmaid as "Ducky."



S is a Socialist on the boil,
Sowing his seed in virgin soil.



T is a Tea-shop girl. Ah, well!
It must be a nuisance to answer a bell.



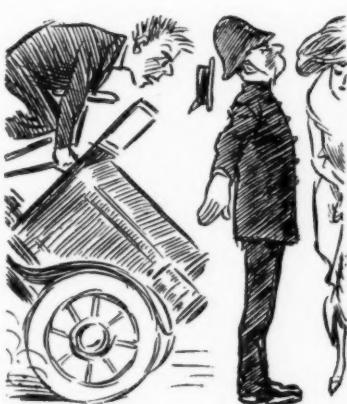
What is the reason why **U**'s annoyed?
U's a professional **U**n-employed.



A Caterpillar, a horrid hairy'un,
Is worrying **V**, who's a **V**egetarian.



Dignity, grace, and beauty too—
The modern Waltzer is **W**.



X is **X**, and it must be grand
To stop a motor by raising your Hand.



Y is a Yankee cousin—he
Is all that a husband ought to be.



Z is a Zoologist, tucked in bed—
Rotten—but what can you do with **Z**?

Punch's Almanack for 1911.

NEW GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS.



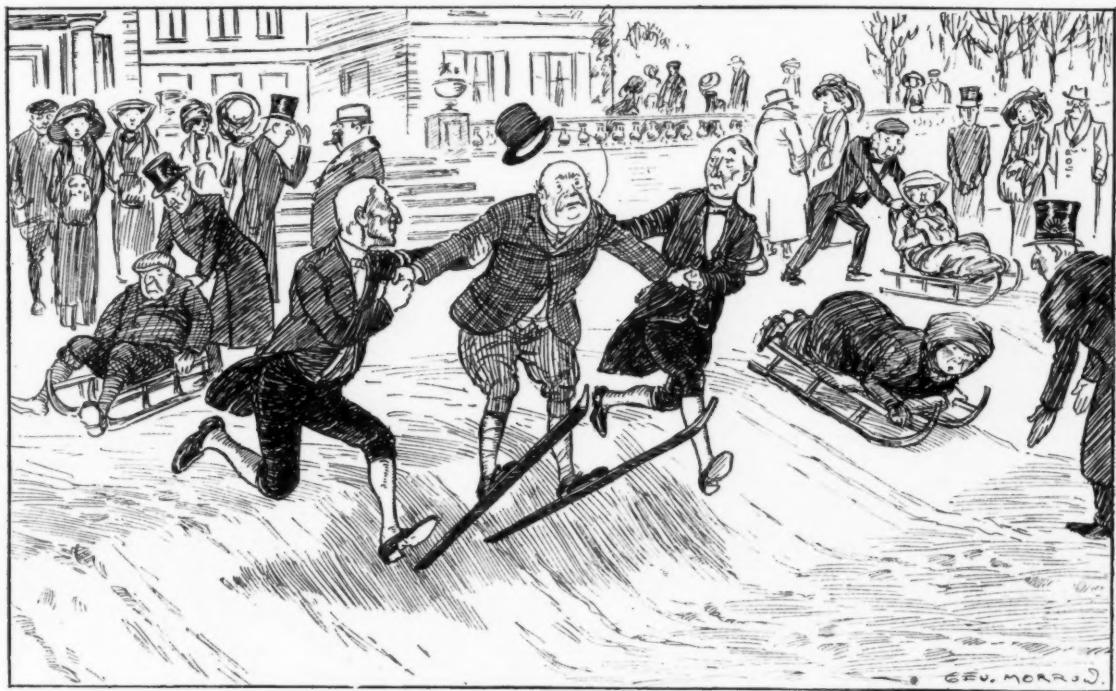
FOR ART CIRCLES. PUTTING THE ARMS ON THE VENUS OF MILO.



FOR COUNTRY HOUSE-PARTIES. "SPOT THE JABBER." THE PLAYER UNDER THE RUG MUST GUESS WHO HOLDS THE FORK.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.

NEW GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS.



HOME ALPINE SPORTS.



THE OMNIBUS GAME—TO SUIT ALL TASTES.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.

MINCEMEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

A FEATURE of nearly every juvenile party at this season is Father Christmas, with a cotton-wool beard; and a wonderfully pretty effect is sometimes obtained by setting him alight — like the Christmas pudding.

It is so difficult to know what to give one's wealthy relatives as a Christmas present that it is good to find that an enterprising firm has now produced the very article in the form of "The Millionaire's Pocket Calendar." This is a really magnificent production, measuring three feet by six.

A mistress remonstrated with her new girl for handing her the letters with her fingers. "Always bring in everything on the silver salver," she said. Shortly afterwards she rang for her baby. The stupidity of some servants passes all belief.

Auntie (to little niece who is making faces). "Do you know that when I was young I used to be told that, if I made faces, I should get struck like that for ever." "And did it happen, Auntie?"

A long-haired Scotsman stood silently contemplating a notice in the window of a barber's shop:

HAIR CUTTING ...	6d.
SHAVE ...	2d.

Then he went in. "I'll just hae my head shaved," he said.

It was a most unfortunate misunder-

standing. The Minor Poet was striving to impress an old lady with his importance. "Yes," he said, "they've put me in *Who's Who*." "Whose Zoo?" she asked.

A German professor claims to have

Another of Life's Little Tragedies.

"Very well, then," cried the eldest son, after a heated controversy with his father, "I leave your house, and nothing will ever induce me to set foot in it again!" and the door slammed behind him. Five minutes later there was a ring at the bell. He had forgotten his umbrella.



Professor. "I REALLY THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT MY HAT, FOR THIS MORNING SOME LITTLE BOYS ENQUIRED WHERE I HAD PURCHASED IT, AND DO YOU KNOW, MARION, FOR THE LIFE OF ME I COULDN'T REMEMBER."

found a means of abolishing indigestion. He has discovered that cannibals never suffer from this scourge.

To prevent chilblains and chapped hands a medical journal recommends the wearing of kid gloves lined with wool. To prevent chilblains from appearing on the nose a single finger-stall in these materials is sufficient.

look at these and hesitate.

Housewives are complaining that there is quite an epidemic of bad eggs. Is it not possible that this is due to the increase of egg-laying competitions? The birds are in such a hurry to beat the record that they do not give themselves time to make the things properly.

A gentleman who signs his letter "The Other Cheek" writes to complain that he has found a certain book on Manners distinctly misleading. The manual in question recommends you, if you accidentally step on any one's feet, to apologise with the words, "So sorry: your feet are so small that I did not notice them." Our correspondent (who is now convalescent) tried this on a policeman a week ago, and it was not taken at all nicely.

The husband who promised his wife a new mantle for a Christmas present, and then gave her a gas mantle, is, in our opinion — we will not mince words — a despicable cur.

It is again stated that the fringe is coming into fashion in the coiffure of ladies. It has been in vogue for some years past among men of a certain class, and, if the ladies are wise, they will

The Princess that Was to be the Prize of Valour.



Now it befell that a certain King had a Daughter who had been long in the Market, and no Takers, and he bethought him that he would let cry a Competition (with no Entrance fee) and so made Proclamation that Whosoever would slay the Dragon which ravaged his Kingdom should for Reward have the Hand of his Daughter in Marriage. Yet by reason of her Ill Looks no one was taking any and so he was fain to increase the Recompence, saying, In Addition I will reward him to the Half of my Kingdom.



Thereupon certain Princes and Knights came to make the Adventure but when they viewed the Princess they straightway departed saying One to Another. Not o! Not me



But now arose a certain Man, the Third Son of a Swineherd of that City, and he said, Give me a Sword and Buckler and I will even make the Assay.



Therewithal at Daybreak he met the Dragon and slew him and lightly and fiercely cut off his Head.



Anon he tied the Head up in his Pocket-handkerchief and brought it before the King and laid it down at his feet.

And the King clasped him in his Arms and said, My Son,

take her, she is thine. Steady on, said the Swineherd, if o! a mo! The Half of thy Kingdom I will take and that right gladly but as for the Rest that may not be. Now go Sir? said the King. Sir, said he I would have you to wit that I am already Married.



H. B. R.

LORD DESBOROUGH secures the position of Lock-keeper at Boulter's.



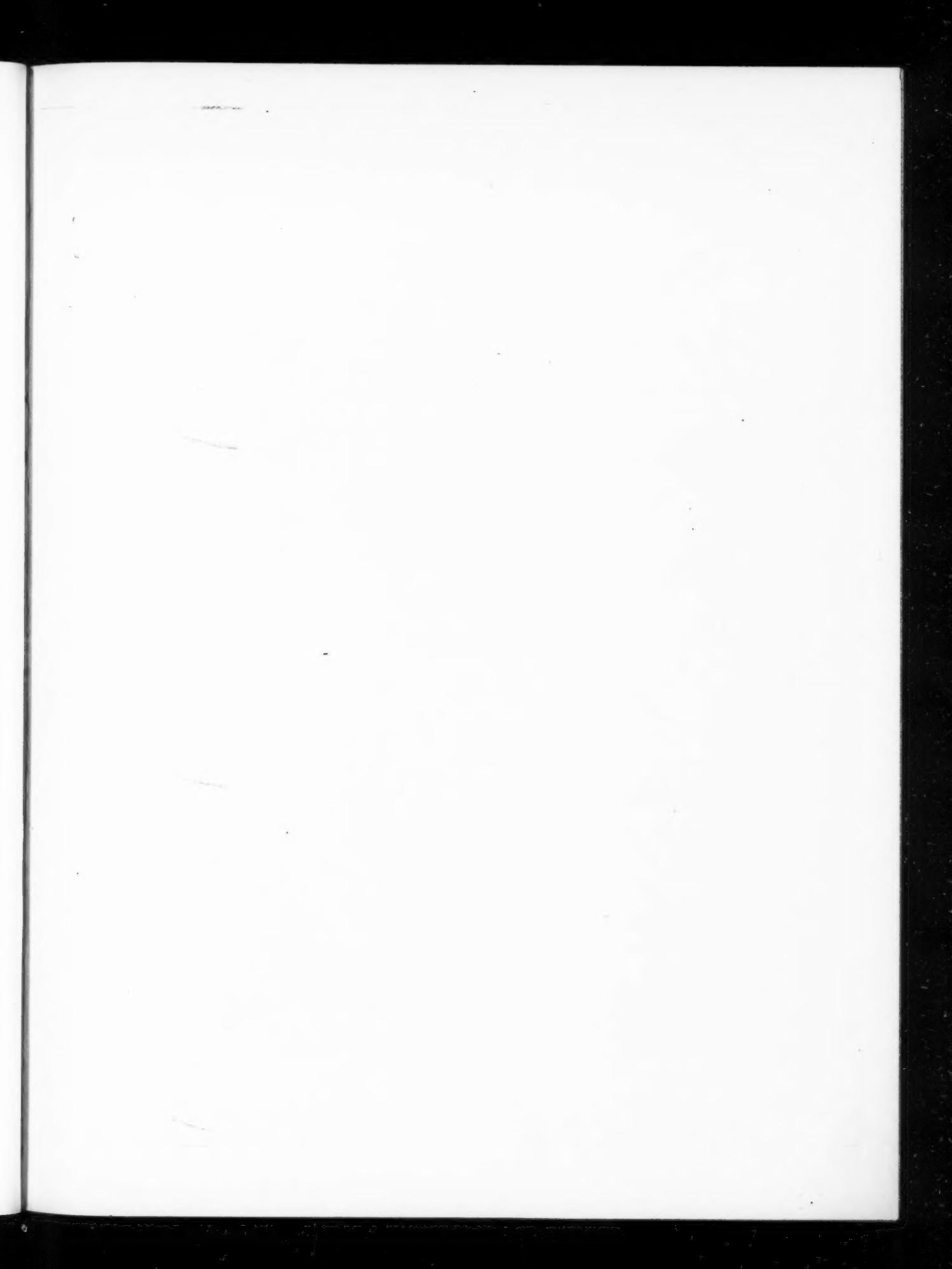
THE DUKE OF
PORTLAND gets
a job as Shop-
walker to MESSRS.
DRUCE.

THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE
tackles the
crossing outside
his town mansion.

LORD ROSEBERY
finds scope for
his oratorical
talents as
a City
Toast-master.

MR. PUNCH'S REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOME PRESENT PEERS JUSTIFY THEIR EXISTENCE BY EARNING AN HONEST LIVING.





1. M^{RE} H. G. PÉLISSIER.
2. M^{RE} GEORGE R. SIMS.



5. M^{RE} HALL CAINE.
6. M^{RE} JAMES BRAID.



9. M^{RE} E. SANDOW.
10. M^{RE} ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

10.

MR. PUNCH'S REFORMED H
FRESH BLOOD FOR THE



3.

3. M^r GEORGE ROBEY.
4. M^r DELHAM F. WARNER.



7.

7. M^r RUDYARD KIPLING.
8. M^r GEORGE ALEXANDER.

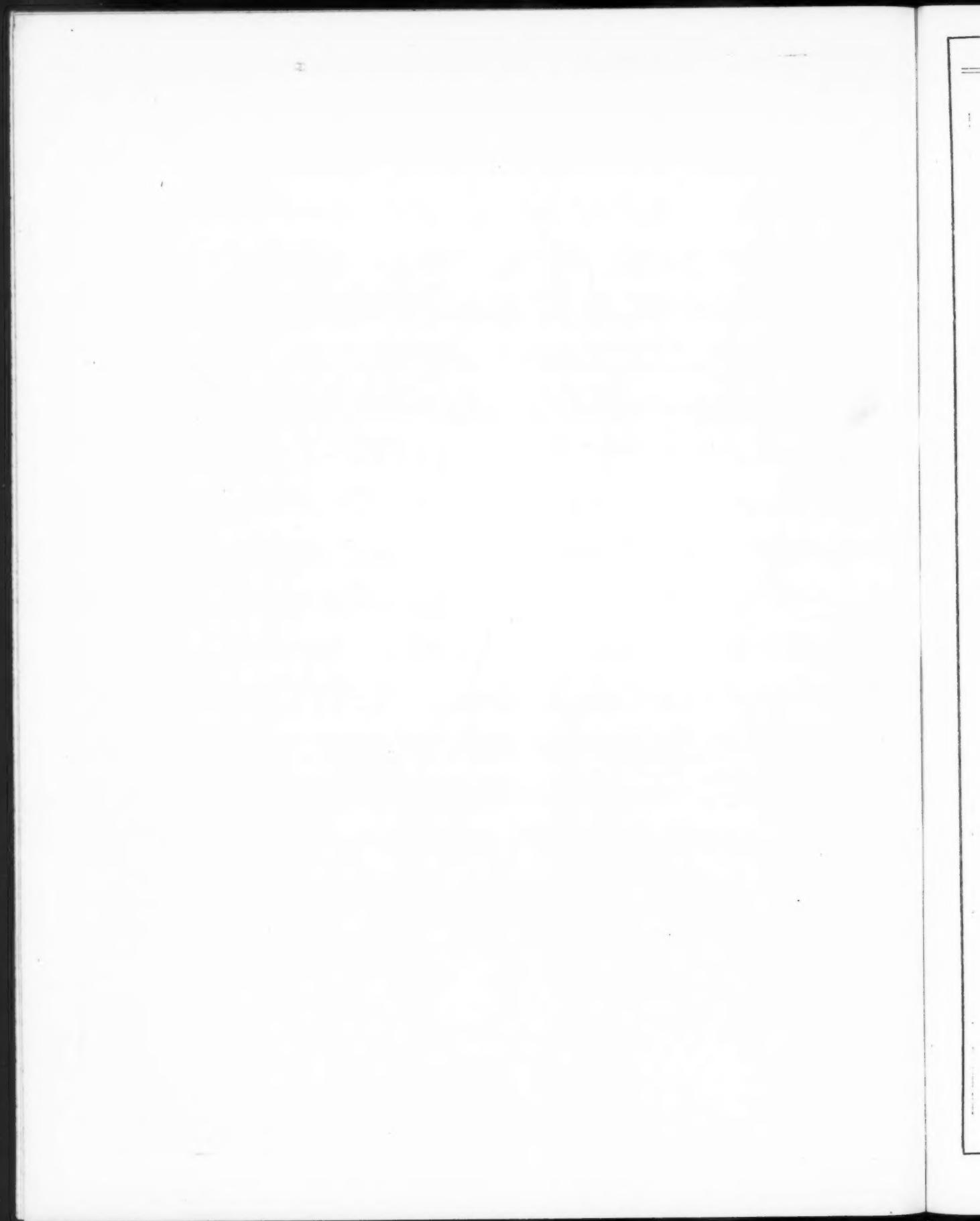


11.

11. M^r EDWIN ABBEY.
12. M^r W. W. JACOBS.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

FOR THE PEERAGE.



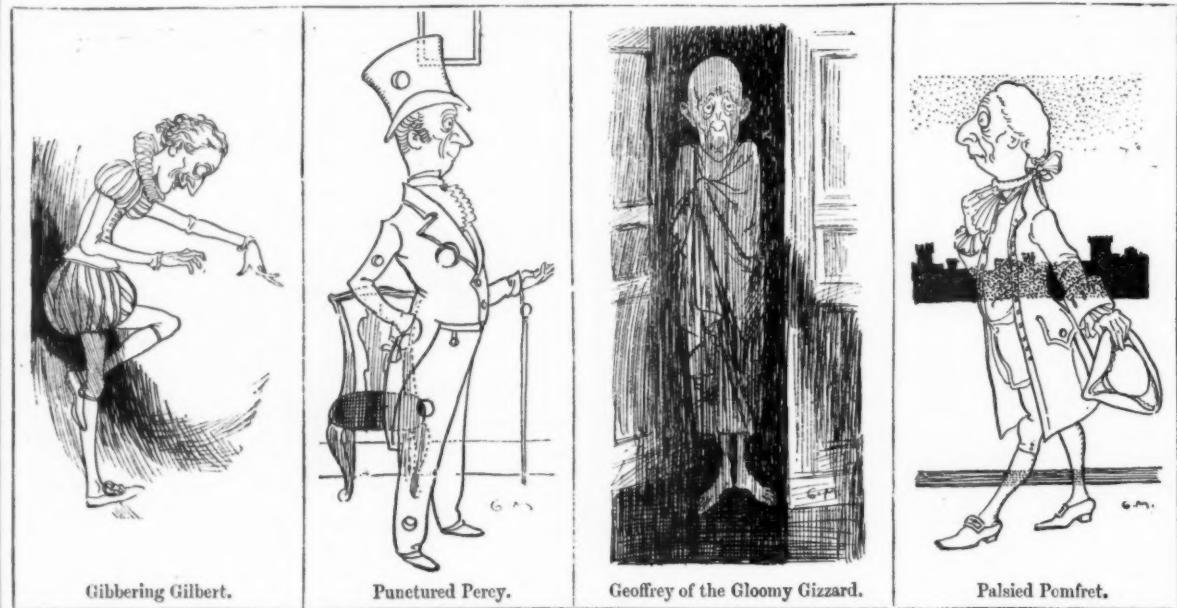
Punch's Almanack for 1911.



MR. PUNCH'S REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOME PRESENT PEERS JUSTIFY THEIR EXISTENCE BY EARNING AN HONEST LIVING.

THE DISAPPOINTING GHOST.



Gibbering Gilbert.

Punctured Percy.

Geoffrey of the Gloomy Gizzard.

Palsied Pomfret.

A PAGE FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE STORES (PSYCHICAL DEPARTMENT).

THE list of guests for Christmas at the Towers had been made out, and the invitations sent off. Sir George (who consented to anything that demanded no active assistance from him) had approved the names, and had now retired to the library with *The Times*. But he was not destined to sleep for long. There was a tap at the door, and Lady Bendish came in.

"So sorry, George," she said. "Are you busy?"

"I am, rather," said Sir George, taking *The Times* off his head. "What is it?"

"There's something I wanted to ask you about. Don't you think we might *launch out* a little more this year—so as to have a really good old-fashioned Christmas? You know, we have a good many *young* people coming down this time."

"Well, didn't you say something about a Father Christmas coming round at dinner with presents? What more do young people want—or old ones either?"

"It was writing to the Stores about the beard that put it into my head. Will that be enough? Now what about—it is just my idea—getting a *Ghost* in too?"

"A Ghost?" said Sir George thoughtfully.

"Yes; you know, everybody says that this house *ought* to have a Ghost. I thought if I asked the Stores to send one down, a thoroughly nice one, of course, it would amuse the children,

and make the place look more—more *homely*. In most nice houses, you know, they have a ghost who *always* appears on Christmas Eve and—and disappears, and so on."

"Where would you put him?" asked Sir George, after a pause for reflection.

"Oh, a Ghost can sleep almost *anywhere*. I thought the still-room would be a nice quiet place for him."

"I suppose he'd have meals with us, and so on?"

"Of course not! How silly you are. He wouldn't want meals at all. But he could come into the drawing-room after dinner and show us one or two little tricks with the lights out; and when it's wet we can put up the

shutters in the gallery, and he can amuse us there."

"Well, look here, we can't run to much. Everything's so confoundedly expensive nowadays."

"Thank you, dear. I'll just write to the Stores, and tell them we want something *quite* moderate. But he must be a gentleman," she said as she went out.

* * * * *

"We are in receipt of your favour of to-day's date," wrote the head of the Psychical Department at the Stores, "and in reply beg to quote you the following lines all of which we can strongly recommend:—

(1) *Palsied Pomfret*—known in the eighteenth century as the "Pride of Pocklington." Our Mr. Pomfret may be described without hesitation as a perfect gentleman, having succeeded to the Pocklington barony on the sudden and lamented death by poison of his uncle, five cousins, father and seven brothers. Palsied Pomfret has met with much success in country house life, and his amusing way of appearing on the stroke of midnight at the bedroom windows, with a rope round his neck, has brought him many admirers.

(2) *Crimson Leonard*. The "Moody Marquis," as he was called in his prime, may be recommended to those who care for something a little more reserved. Crimson Leonard's wailing in the chimney corners is never forced, and, occur-



"He had to ask eight people to point out the direction before he received a coherent answer."

ring as it does at the most unexpected moments, claims the merit of spontaneity—a quality which is sadly lacking in most of the lower-priced ghosts.

(3) *Jasper the Lily-livered*—whose speciality is disappearances. He reappears again in the most unlikely places, thus causing great fun and amusement to the younger members of the house party.

These are our chief lines, and we are able to do you them on strictly moderate terms, viz., 200 guineas a night, together with first-class fares both ways, and washing. In addition to these we have a cheaper article at 100 guineas, at which price we can offer you any of the following: Geoffrey of the Gloomy Gizzard, Spotted Spencer of the Barge, Punctured Percy, Filleted Ernest or the Boneless Dago, Gibbering Gilbert and Sigismund the Splintered Stevedore.

In conclusion, we may mention, perhaps, a ridiculously cheap line at ten guineas—Reticent Roger of the Rolling Eye—which we can offer on these special terms solely because we are unable to give any guarantee with him. He has been in stock for some years now without exhibiting any decided individuality; and it must be distinctly understood that he can only be sent down at hirer's risk.

Awaiting your esteemed patronage, we have the honour to be, etc."

"It's absurd," said Sir George; "I shouldn't think of giving more than ten guineas."

"Then we shall have to have Mr.—er—Mr. Roger," said Lady Bendish. "I hope he's a gentleman."

CHAPTER II.

Reticent Roger arrived by the six-twenty on Thursday evening. A trap drove down leisurely to meet him, and covered the three miles back in ten minutes, without him, the horse having been introduced to him a moment too soon. Roger accordingly picked up his bag and set out for the Towers on foot. The country was strange to him, and he had to ask eight people to point out the direction before he received a coherent answer. It was, in fact, instinct which finally led him to his destination.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr.—er—Roger?" said Lady Bendish. "We were just wondering about you. You must make yourself quite at home, please. Everybody says that this is such a quaint old house—just the place for a Gho—for Psychical Research. The house-keeper will show you your room, and see that you have

everything you want. Yes. Then we shall see you in the drawing-room after dinner? How delightful! I am sure you will have many amusing tricks for us."

Reticent Roger bowed low. He was a little puzzled, but he had caught the

"Let me see, Anna," said Sir George, "who is Mr. Roger taking in?"

Lady Bendish looked uncomfortable. She drew her husband on one side and talked volubly to him. "Nonsense, nonsense," he said. "Since he's here—Angela, where are you? Mr. Roger, will you take in my daughter?"

Angela was young, pretty and romantic, and possessed of a tact which she did not inherit from her mother. Thus, though the most pressing observation seemed to her to be an expression of surprise that ghosts *wanted* to eat, she did not make it; instead she asked her table companion if he had been to many dances lately.

"I have not been out for two hundred years come Michaelmas," said Roger in his melancholy way.

"Then you haven't seen *The Dollar Princess*?" said Angela. "It's jolly; I've been three times."

Conversation languished for a moment—it is difficult to know what to say to a person who hasn't seen *The Dollar Princess*—and then she tried again.

"Do you mind if we talk about yourself?" she asked.

"I prefer it," said Roger simply.

"Oh, how lovely! Then tell me all about the old Moated Grange and the beautiful Lady Rosamund, and the duel you fought because wicked Sir Hubert insulted her, and how you saved the King's life and—oh, tell me everything about the lovely old times. How I wish I had lived then!"

"I may not say with truth that I saved his Majesty's life," said Roger complacently. "Yet of a surety I measured him for a hat which went through many high adventures with him."

"Measured him for a hat—what a funny expression," laughed Angela. "It sounds as if you were a hatter."

"I was a hatter," said Roger.

There was a stifled scream from Angela.

"The best in Bristol," he added proudly.

"I s—see," stammered Angela.

It was her first great shock. She had had an idea that everybody who lived two hundred years ago was nobly born—that every ghost was the ghost of some member of a titled family. The idea that there might be such a thing as the ghost of a hatter with social aspirations had never occurred to her.

"Whatever you do, don't tell mother," she said at last. "We don't ever talk about trade here."



Reticent Roger's Entry into Society.

word "dinner" safely. He followed the house-keeper upstairs with dignity and a certain sombre satisfaction.

Once in his room he made a careful toilet for the important occasion of his entry into society. His suit was a little old-fashioned, being cut in the knicker-bocker style, of some faded purple plush material; but it had been a good suit in its century, and Roger had always had the utmost confidence in it.

He arrived in a full drawing-room as the clock was striking eight. Lady Bendish, looking considerably surprised, bustled forward to meet him.



The Great Disappearing Trick.

"But I am afraid you are very early," she said; "we haven't even begun dinner yet . . . Ten o'clock at the earliest . . . So silly of them not to have told you . . . However, let me introduce you to Mrs. Somers—she is so anxious to meet you. Clara, dear, this is Mr.—er—R. Roger of the R.E."

"Madam," said the ghost in a faded voice, bowing deeply to a stout Mosaic lady, "your humble servant."

So for the rest of dinner she told him about life at The Towers and the fun that they had on Christmas Day, and how Father Christmas (who was Bunton the butler) was coming round with a sack of presents, and nobody knew beforehand what they were going to get, because all the parcels were locked up in father's study. And what would Mr. Roger like? because perhaps if she told father—

Reticent Roger thought he would like a Velocipede. He had heard them well spoken of at the Stores some years ago.

CHAPTER III.

By his tactless appearance downstairs before dinner, Ghost Roger had dropped considerably in his hostess's opinion; his performance after dinner caused him to fall out of Society altogether. Never was a Ghost so disappointing.

"Now then, Mr. Roger," said Lady Bendish, "we are all ready. If you would like the lights out, or anything of that sort, please say so."

The Ghost, who was sitting nervously on the edge of a sofa with Angela, looked at her blankly.

"Don't do anything *too* alarming at first," said Angela with a friendly smile.

"But I don't sing at all," protested Roger.

"How would it be, dear Anna," said Mrs. Somers, "if he disappeared through the ceiling, and came back down the chimney, with his head under his arm? Or some little thing like that. Just for a beginning, I mean; and then work up to something difficult."

"Don't be hustled, Sir," said Lionel Somers. "Take your time."

"I think," said Sir George, "we must leave it entirely to Mr. Roger. No doubt he will think of one or two tricks which will be new to us."

"I want to hear him clank chains," said Mr. Blundell gloomily.

At the word "tricks" the Ghost got up with a pleased little smile.

"I have one small trick," he said, "which I should esteem it a privilege to show you."

"That's right," said Lady Bendish. She turned to her neighbour. "Do you know if it leaves a mark on a carpet when you disappear through it? I shouldn't think so, would you?"

The Ghost rubbed his hands round each other and beamed upon the company. "For this trick," he said, "I shall want a hat and a pack of cards."

He placed the hat on the ground, retired five paces from it, and began solemnly to throw



"In his middle age he had been held to be the best *raconteur* in Bristol."

the cards in one by one. His aim was poor; half-way through only three had reached their proper destination. The little company watched breathlessly, expecting the *dénouement* at every moment. It was not until some twenty seconds after the last card fell that it

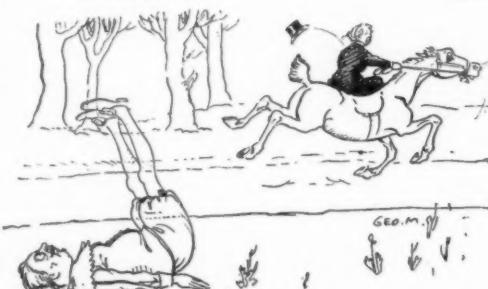


"Taking a steady trot round the sun-dial."

became clear that the trick was complete in itself.

"I'm afraid," said Roger apologetically, "that I am a little out of practice. At my aunt's house at Bristol I once got in no fewer than thirty-seven."

There was a tremendous hush. Then Lady Bendish prepared to speak, and it was obvious that she had something picturesque to say. But Sir George was before her.



"Mrs. Somers . . . met him in the drive doing some kind of Swedish drill."

"One moment, dear," he said. He turned to the Ghost. "Thank you very much. I like that immensely. But—the fact is—most of the—er—Spirits that we—Lady Bendish has met before, have gone in for—have exhibited a certain power of illusion—appearing and disappearing and the like; and we wondered whether perhaps—"

"I have heard tell of them," said Roger with dignity. "There are ghosts of the nobility so lost to shame, so entirely without reserve, that they make public spectacles of themselves. For my own part I have always had my pride."

There was another awkward silence. Nobody seemed to know what to say—except Lady Bendish, who murmured to Mrs. Somers, "Then I shall certainly expect to receive the money back." But help was at hand. Miss Mervyn broke in eagerly: "Perhaps Mr. Roger would tell us some stories of those delightfully wicked old times. I am sure he must know a great many."

Roger was not unwilling. In his middle age he had been held to be the best *raconteur* in Bristol. Many a gentleman of those days bought a hat simply in order to listen to him.

"Well," he said complacently, "I can tell you one rather good one. Quite the latest, as you might say."

Mrs. Somers settled herself comfortably in her chair. "Such a sense of humour they had in those days," she said. "So free and unrestrained. *Honi soit*, you know." And she smiled fatly to herself.

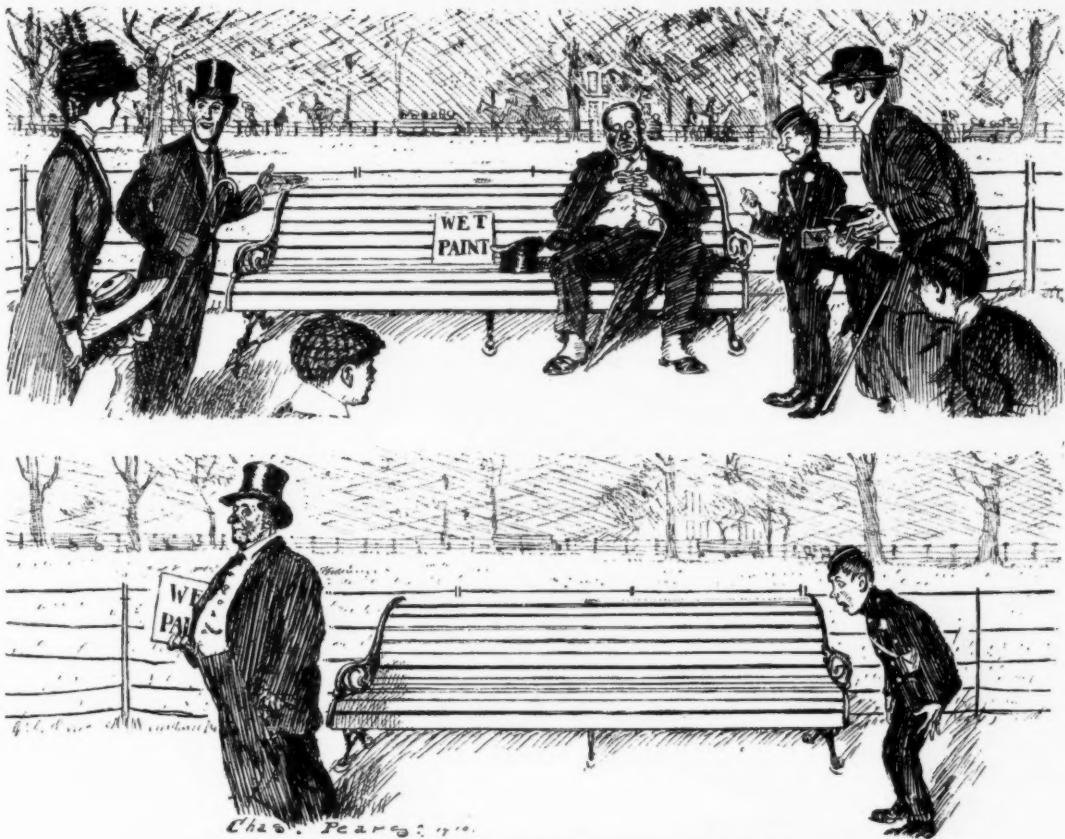
"Of the following events I was an eye-witness," said Roger. "Three men of my acquaintance laid a wager as to who should tell the biggest lie. While they were disputing, a certain dignitary of the Church approached and enquired of them the reason of their quarrel. 'For shame!' he said, when he was made acquainted with the position; 'I have never told a lie.' 'Give him the money,' said my three friends with one accord."

Again there was a solemn stillness—broken at last by a long, low whistle from one of the men. Then Lady Bendish forgot her manners altogether. She walked across to Roger. In her rage she almost struck him.

"Get out of my house!" she cried furiously. "You miserable impostor! Go! Not another word—*Go!*"

The Ghost looked round the room; no friendly face met him but Angela's. Too dazed to think he stumbled to the door . . .

Outside in the drive, with his bag at his feet, he remembered who he was. The spirit of a



THE MAN WHO WAS NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKED;

OR, THE PORTABLE LABEL FOR THE PREVENTION OF OVERCROWDING.

thousand hatters filled him, and urged him to revenge. Striking a melodramatic attitude he called upon the lightning to shiver the house to fragments, and split all the inmates but one. . . . He waited expectantly.

"No," he said after a pause, "it isn't doing it. I hardly thought it would. Well, there are other ways. Ha!" And he picked up his bag.

CHAPTER IV.

Officially, Ghost Roger was not seen again at The Towers. Miss Mervyn, however, said that she caught sight of him from her bedroom window next evening taking a steady trot round the sun-dial; and Mrs. Somers, returning in the morning from equestrian exercise, was understood to have met him in the drive doing some kind of Swedish drill. That, at any rate, was the reason given for "Samson's" sudden arrival at the stable without his mistress. One way and another it seemed probable that Roger was getting into training for something. . . . And at night he must have been very busy.

* * * *

Dinner on the 25th, enlivened by the presence of the children, went with its usual swing. There was the cracking of the usual jokes, followed by the usual laughter; Miss Mervyn screamed when the crackers were pulled, and Miss Hall blushed and said that she simply *couldn't* read the mottoes, they were too silly. Then Father Christmas came in with pomp, and everybody suddenly became quiet.

"I do hope I get something nice," said Angela excitedly to herself.

Mrs. Somers' presents came out first. One was evidently a book—"To dear Clara with all love from Anna;" the other something more bulky—"With best wishes from George."

"Anna, dear!" she said, "how sweet of you! I believe this is the very book I was telling you I wanted."

Lady Bendish smiled. "George said he would give you something more personal," she added.

Mrs. Somers cut the string, and invited the attention of her neighbour to a book for which she had always longed. That astonished gentleman read the title—*Scalped by Mocahontas*,

or the Prairie Squaw. He turned and looked at Mrs. Somers with a new interest, but she was engrossed with the "something more personal" from Sir George. "Now," she said loudly, as she took the layers of paper off, "let us see what dear George has hit upon."

He had, apparently, hit upon a toy pig—fat and with a squeak. . . .

Shall the curtain come down here? or shall I skip a scene of fury and strenuous explanation, and tell you of little Betty Bendish's case of razors (one for every day in the week) and Lady Bendish's present from her husband—a small bottle marked POISON? It were better that the curtain should come down, but let it descend on Angela looking with wondering eyes at the diamond necklace which she holds in her hands. It is not the value of the gift which impresses her—for she guesses the truth now, and knows that, having been taken from Mrs. Somers' room, it cost the giver nothing—but the kindly thought. Even a Ghost, she says to herself, has his feelings.

A. A. M.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



UNEXPRESSED THOUGHTS.

Tyro (on rather free-jumping hireling). "AND THIS IS WHAT I PAY TWO GUINEAS FOR!"



UNEXPRESSED THOUGHTS.

Sportsman in Ditch. "I CALL THIS ADDING INSULT TO INJURY!"

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



Porter (as train begins to move). "HERE'S YOUR TICKET, LADY; FOUR AND TUPPENCE IT COST."
Flurried Passenger. "THERE'S FOUR SHILLINGS. KEEP THE TUPPENCE FOR YOURSELF."



Mother. "I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE A SOLDIER, TOO, WHEN YOU GROW UP, BILLY!"
Billy. "HOW MANY HOURS A DAY SHALL I HAVE TO FIGHT?"



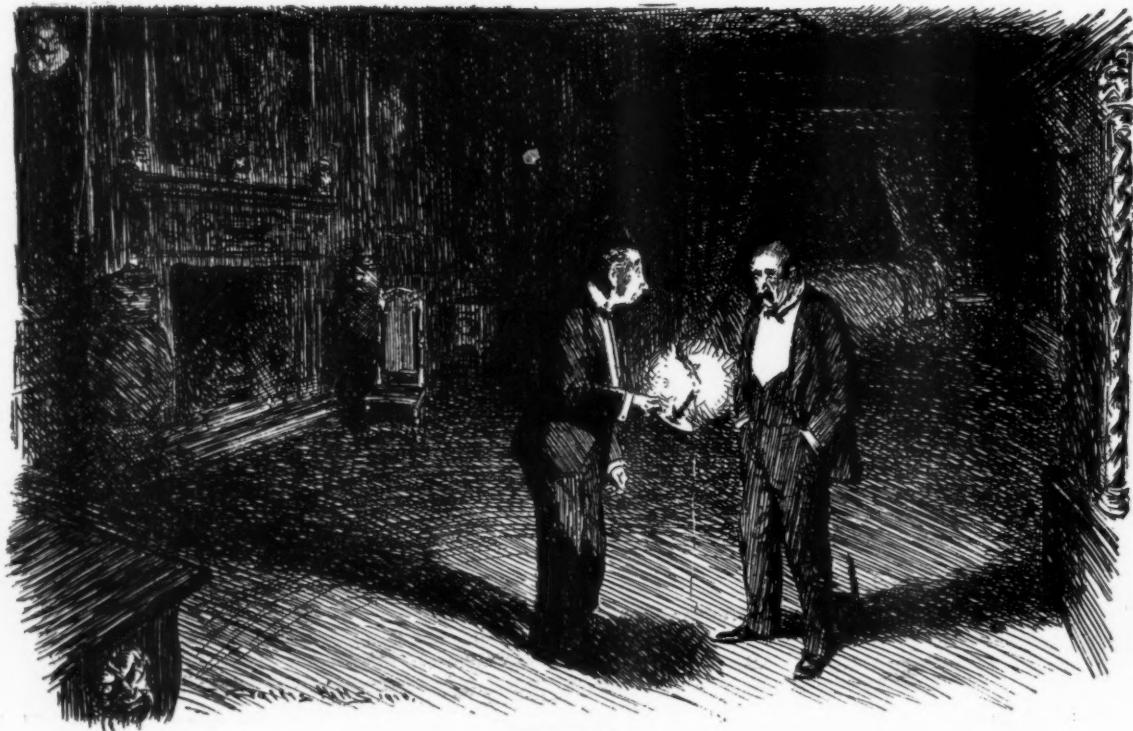
IN THE GARB OF PEACE.

CERTAIN GENTLEMEN OF ORDINARILY HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES (IN A POLITICAL SENSE) WHO UNDER THE CHASTENING INFLUENCE OF A "CONFERENCE" HAVE BEEN ENDEAVORING TO SEEM AT HOME IN THE ABOVE UNWANTED COSTUME.



AH ! THAT'S BETTER ! BACK TO THEIR WAR-PAINT.

WHEN "CONFERENCES" ARE OVER THE POLITICAL BRAVES SOON RECUR TO THEIR NORMAL HABITS.



COMFORT.

Host (to nervous Guest). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, IF YOU HEAR ANY NOISES IN THE NIGHT, IT'S PROBABLY ONLY THE RATS—AT LEAST, WE ALWAYS TRY TO THINK SO!"

WINGS AND WEATHER.

To those that spend much time, with small success,
In airing theories, more or less absurd,
Of our late Summer's long unpleasantness,
I wish to speak a word.

They have their own peculiar fancies. One
Would have it "cyclic;" others hold it due
To Halley's comet or a spotted sun;
They blame Marconi, too.

Some, with an earthier range, go rather strong
On icebergs from the pole, or tell you flat
It's the Gulf Stream; when anything goes wrong,
They always say it's that.

And so forth. And, for all they have to show
In net results, they might have spared their pains;
But I—I've kept a diary, and I know:—
It's all these aeroplanes.

Let me recall the facts. While yet the Spring
Bordered on Summer, into yon blue skies
Airmen of all shapes took erratic wing
Like whirring dragonflies.

That was too much. At once the Weather Clerk,
Whose sense of humour nothing seems to dim,
Woke up, and started a colossal lark,
Or so it seemed to him.

And, as the airman likes his weather mild,
He promptly loosed from their confining bag
Wind upon wind, while he looked on, and smiled,
Being a merry wag.

Later, again, when came the crowds to see
Great aviation meetings, to the gales
He humorously added, for a spree,
His finest rain, in pails.

Then, having duly worked his merry joke,
When all the crowds had gone, and every line
Had run its last excursion, at a stroke
He made the weather fine.

Such is the truth. 'Twas much the same last year.
And, while his taste in humour goes unchecked,
And men will try to fly, it isn't clear
What else we can expect. DUM-DUM.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



Sporting Tenant. "WHY, PAT, WHAT'S BCOME OF ALL THOSE BIG PLYMOUTH ROCKS I BROUGHT YOU OVER LAST YEAR? I SEE YOU'VE GONE BACK TO THE LITTLE FELLOWS."

Pat. "WELL, SOR, THIM FOWLS WAS TOO TALL ALTOGETHER, AND WHIN THEY STOOD UP UNDER THE BED YOU FELT THEM."



Young Lady. "WELL, MRS. HIGGINBOTTOM, AND HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? WON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF CAKE?"

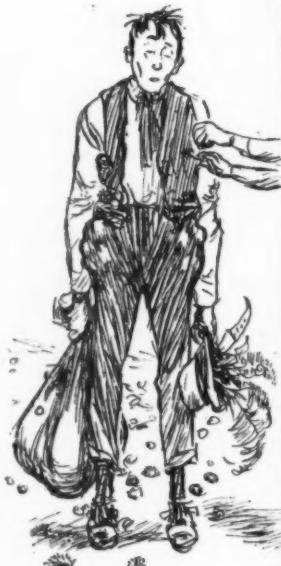
Old Woman (with an eye to the ham sandwiches). "WELL, MUM, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'D RATHER 'AVE A TASTE O' SUMMAT AS HAS DRORED BREATH!"

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



SOME LOVELY MUSHROOMS

ONE OR TWO FIRCONES
FOR FIRELIGHTERS



Ernest H. Shepard



SOME OF THIS HEAVENLY
SILVERGRASS (FOR THE
CARNATIONS, YOU KNOW),



AND OH, JACK, WHAT PERFECTLY SWEET
LEAF MOULD !



THE THRIFTY BRIDE.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



REFINEMENT IN OUR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENTS.

PIERROTS SINGING BEFORE THE MAYOR AND SONG-CENSORSHIP COMMITTEE OF SHRIMPLETON-ON-SEA.



[“Nowadays, when the sport attracts such enormous throngs of hard riders in many counties, a joint mastership is the only practical means whereby a man can hunt his own hounds.”—*The Times*.]

Joint Master. “HOLD ‘EM HARD, OLD MAN! I’LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU NEXT TIME.”

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



"OUR DANCE, I THINK?"